

Cel. And mine to ecke out hers.
Ref. Fare you well: praie heauen I be decei'd in you.
Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.
Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou Charles?

Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst bene son to some man else, The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did finde him still mine enemy: Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede, Hadst thou descended from another house: But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father:

Exit Duk.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne, His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling To be adopted heire to Fredricke.

Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule, And all the world was of my Fathers minde, Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne, I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties, Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
 Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
 My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
 Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
 If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
 But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
 Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ref. Gentleman,
 Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
 That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
 Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
 Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
 Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

Ref. He cal's vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
 He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
 Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
 More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ref. Haue with you: fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights vpon my tongue,
 I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Ben.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne
 Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Ben. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
 To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
 High commendation, true applause, and loue;
 Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
 That he misconsters all that you haue done:
 The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
 More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
 Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
 That here was at the Wrastring?

Le Ben. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
 But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
 The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
 And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
 To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
 Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
 Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
 Grounded vpon no other argument,
 But that the people praise her for her vertues,
 And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
 And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
 Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
 Hereafter in a better world then this,
 I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
 Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
 From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
 But heauenly Rosaline.

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid haue mercie,
 Not a word?

Ref. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
 vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
 with reasons.

Ref. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
 one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
 without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ref. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
 how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
 in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
 our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
 in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
 my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

in dispiight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
 let vs talke in good earnest; is it possible on such a so-
 daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
 Rolands yongest sonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deere.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his

sonne deere? By this kinde of chase, I should hate

him, for my father hated his father deere; yet I hate

not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him

because I doe. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistis, dispatch you with your safest haste,
 And get you from our Court.

Ref. My Vncle.

Duk. You Cosen,

Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
 So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
 Thou diest for it.

Ref. I doe beseech your Grace

Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:

If with my selfe I hold intelligence,

Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,

If that I doe not dreame, or be not frantick,

(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,

Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,

Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace it selfe;

Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highnesse banisht him;

Treason is not inherited my Lord,

Or if we did deriue it from our friends,

What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,

Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,

To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.

Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake,

Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,

It was your pleasure, and your owne remorie,

I was too yong that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,

Why so am I; we still haue slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,

And wherefore we went, like Junos Swans,

Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothes;

Her verie silence, and per patience,

Speake to the people, and they pittie her;

Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous

When she is gone: then open not thy lips,

Firme, and irreuocable is my dooome,

Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,

I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you must
 If you out-stay the time, vpon
 And in the greatnesse of my woe

Cel. O my poore Rosaline, w

Wilt thou change Fathers? I w

I charge thee be not thou more

Ref. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,

Prethee be cheerefull; know'st

Hath banish'd me his daughter

Ref. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosaline

Which teacheth thee that thou

Shall we be fundred? Shall we

No, let my Father seeke anothe

Therefor deuise with me how

Whether to goe, and what to b

And doe not seeke to take your

To beare your griefes your selfe

For by this heauen, now at our

Say what thou canst, Ile goe al

Ref. Why, whether shall w

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in

Ref. Alas, what danger will

(Maides as we are) to trauell fo

Beautie prouoketh theeues soo

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poe

And with a kinde of vnder smi

The like doe you, so shall we p

And neuer stir assaillants.

Ref. Were it not better,

Because that I am more then co

That I did suite me all points li

A gallant curtelaix vpon my thi

A bore-speare in my hand, and

Lye there what hidden woman

Weele haue a washing and a

As manie other mannish cowa

That doe outface it with their

Cel. What shall I call thee

Ref. Ile haue no worse a na

And therefore looke you call

But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath

No longer Celia, but Aliena

Ref. But Cosen, what if w

The clownish Foole out of yo

Would he not be a comfort to

Cel. Heele goe along ore th

Leaue me alone to wee him;

And get our Jewels and our w

Deuise the fittest time, and fa

To hide vs from pursuite that

After my flight: now goe in v

To libertie, and not to banish

Actus Secundus.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens,

Duk. Sen. Now my Cose

Hath not old custome made t